

JUST A LITTLE ADVICE

By GRACE SCHWEBS.

"I've been intending to come and see you ever since you got back from your wedding trip," began the caller, who was considerably older than the bride and whose cards were labeled "Miss."

"How nice!" murmured the bride in a slightly vague tone. She was still in the throes of horror that rack a pretty girl who has been discovered in a dusting apron and cap and who has the profound conviction that there must be smudges on her face. "We got back so recently—we hardly expected"

"Oh, I know!" said the caller, sympathetically. "You aren't formally at home for a month yet, according to your cards, but I knew you wouldn't mind me, even if you weren't settled. I'd love to help you! People think I have pretty good judgment about hanging things and all that! Are you going to have that picture there? My dear, don't you see the greens in it jar with—"

"It goes out in the other room," explained the bride. "The paperhangers haven't finished and we set it here temporarily."

"Oh!" cried the caller in a little crescendo as she peered into the room in question. She shook her head gently and sadly. "It's too bad," she murmured, "that somebody didn't warn you before you picked out that brown paper! It went out last spring and you should have used the putty tones. It's really a crime when you want everything right up to date. You should phone them right away to change it."

"But all our things look better against a brown background," protested the bride. "And I hate that dull putty shade! And Jack—"

"My dear," said the caller, shaking a finger archly at her, "I know Jack—I knew him years and years before he even knew you were on earth, and don't you begin by letting him decide things! Jack is quite a dear boy, but he is apt to be tyrannical! Why, that was the very reason we—I—that is, there's no use bringing up past history, is there, dear? Oh, I remember when Jack bought that plaster head over there! He rushed right to me with it, he was so delighted! He said the profile was exactly the same as mine! He has such a way of imagining things! Only I do think it is like my nose—did you ever notice?"

"No," said the bride, a trifle stiffly. "I can't say that I ever did! I didn't know you were such a close friend of Jack's!"

"Naughty!" murmured the caller, a bit consciously. "I should have supposed a man would have told his wife everything! Why, Jack was at our house morning, noon and night in those days! Oh, isn't it a shame you got so many lamps for wedding presents! They are expensive, of course, but they don't match—the lamp shades should tone in, shouldn't they? How awful to have to live in a room with a rose and a yellow and a blue and a brown electric light! It positively sets



"Positively Sets Your Teeth on Edge."

your teeth on edge! And it must grate on Jack—he's so sensitive to color effects! It's odd you never noticed it before I pointed it out—"

"I can't very well smash them," said the bride, rather indignantly. "They were gifts. And they really are very lovely. When we got up these hangings—"

"Let's get all these old rags out of the way—my goodness, these are never your hangings!" cried the caller in a pained voice. "Well, every one has her own ideas. They must have come from Egypt and all that, but—and, my dear, what are you ever going to do with all those embroidered luncheon sets that I noticed among your wedding presents?"

"Now I must run along, for I'm sure you want to get dressed and respectable-looking before Jack comes home. Tell him I've so enjoyed my little chat with you! I'm sure you can be contented in this apartment if you make up your mind to be. There's everything in that! I'll run in again soon, because I'm sure I can help you make things look lots better! Good-by, dear!"

"Good-by," breathed the bride. Then she hastily ran into the back room and, picking up the plaster head with a profile like her caller's, with great precision and dispatch she crammed it into the waste basket and smashed it with the pump handle removed from her left foot.—Chicago Daily News.

FROM ALL OVER THE STATE

Falls to Find Hessian Fly.

Bedalia.—S. M. Jordan, farm expert for Pettis county, says the Hessian fly has not invaded this section, although it is reported to have damaged growing wheat in some parts of the state seriously.

Mr. Jordan says he has found a fly about the size of the insect that annoys cattle in the summer, and another about the size of a small ant, but they do little or no damage to wheat.

A third fly discovered is known as the Crane fly. It is about the size of a large mosquito and looks a little like the Hessian fly but does no great damage. A fourth fly that damaged both wheat and alfalfa is the leaf hopper, often mistaken for the Hessian fly.

Ex-Representative Dies.

Rolla.—W. A. Via, aged 71, one of the oldest citizens of Rolla, died at his home. He served in the Confederate army under Col. Early A. Steen and as representative from Phelps county in the thirty-sixth general assembly of Missouri in 1892.

"Father of Joplin" Dead.

Joplin.—William S. Shewmaker, 86 years old, the "father of Joplin," is dead. Shewmaker had lived in Joplin since 1866. He was a veteran of the civil war, settling here at the close of the war, when there were but two houses here. Three sons, four daughters, one stepson, two stepdaughters, 28 grandchildren and 19 great-grandchildren survive. He left a fortune of \$100,000.

Joplin Wants Courthouse.

Carthage.—The Jasper county court has been petitioned to call a special election to vote on a proposition to issue \$300,000 bonds for the erection of a new courthouse at Joplin, a new almshouse and jail at Carthage and a detention home at Webb City.

"Acid Bandits" Auto Found.

Kansas City.—The finding of the automobile used by the man and woman who held up the jewelry store of L. Goldman and after squinting acid in the face of George Goldman, son of the proprietor, escaped with \$2,000 worth of diamonds, furnished the police a lone clue on which to carry forward their search for the robbers. The car was left at the curb in an isolated region of the West Side. Two of the bullets fired by Goldman at the escaping robbers had pierced the back of the tonneau.

Conditions Bad in Missouri Jails.

Fulton.—James B. Bollman, assistant division superintendent of the Society for the Friendless, who is making his annual trip throughout Missouri, declares he found jail conditions deplorable in north central Missouri.

His criticism is not the first raised against the jails. A grand jury condemned the Callaway county jail in this city. Several grand juries have made similar reports on the jail at Mexico, Audrain county. The jail at Columbus, Boone county, is said to be in poor condition.

Her Nose Hurts His Eye.

Kansas City.—Innocent, big and bashful is Charles Lend, a farmhand of Bethel, Kan. Twenty-seven years of his life have gone by and up to the other night he had never attempted to kiss a girl. On this occasion he broke down the barrier as he and his sweetheart, Miss Lillian Seaton, were in the shadow of a large tree on their way home from a party and seated her in his arms to place a kiss. Handicapped by intense embarrassment, his lips missed those of his sweetheart—he denies Miss Seaton dodged to avoid him—but, anyhow, his eye struck the end of her nose in the darkness, ripping open part of the lid and badly scratching the eyeball.

Chief of Moonshiners Arrested.

Springfield.—The breaking up of about the only remaining "moonshine" gang of the Ozarks has been accomplished, federal revenue officers believe, in the arrest of George Smith of Texas county, an old man, who is thought to be the leading spirit of a gang of illicit distillers who have evaded the law for the last decade.

With Smith was arrested "Pete" Barton, an Ozark mountaineer, who, it is charged, acted as selling agent for the moonshine stills.

The still had been located many times by government detectives, but in every instance it was moved before arrests could be made. It was in a deep canyon on Big creek, near Bee Rock, in one of the wildest sections of southwest Missouri.

Gas Company Inquiry Asked.

Columbia.—A resolution asking that the Columbia Gas company be investigated by the state public utilities commission was passed by the city council. An investigation of the Columbia Telephone company is now pending before the commission.

Charleston.—William Bryant, a farmer, whose home is about two miles west of Charleston, was run over and killed by a work train. Several people saw the accident and shouted warnings.

Fight Follows Effort to Tango. Carthageville.—Because Harry Fleming wanted to dance the tango at a dance given by a club composed of the elite of Carthageville, Fleming and John Cunningham, members of the club, engaged in a fight and each paid a fine of \$5 and costs for disturbance.

"WHY I EMIGRATED"

THE NOTES OF A PROMINENT JOURNALIST WHO MADE A TRIP THROUGH WESTERN CANADA.

A prominent journalist from Chicago, some time ago, made a journey through Canada obtaining a thorough knowledge of the land and people and of the "boundless possibilities" that Canada, the virgin land, affords. In an American Sunday newspaper he published after his return the interesting account which we print as follows. He writes:

"Why did you emigrate from the United States?" I asked a farmer in Western Canada.

"I believe that for a poor man Western Canada is the most favorable land," was the reply, "and I have now found that it is the Paradise of the Poor."

The farmer, a pioneer of the west, had five years earlier left Iowa for Canada to secure a new home there. After traversing the country for some time, he started his home on the open prairie and with steady industry devoted himself to the working of the virgin soil. Now he is the well-to-do owner of that endless sea of waving wheat ears that goes on for miles before my eyes. His strong, sunburned figure finds the best background in his farm itself, which is the outcome of his ceaseless activity—a pretty two-story dwelling house, a large clean stable, in the midst of a hamlet of barns, sheds and outbuildings, a useful garden overflowing with products; horses, cattle, sheep and swine on the rich pastures, and around to the horizon wheat, golden wheat.

"In Iowa?" the farmer continued, "I farmed on rented land, for at the price of \$100 per acre I did not possess money enough to buy. I might farm, I might farm as I could, more than the living for myself and family, I could not attain. Sometimes the harvest turned out good, sometimes bad, but the grand total was a bitter combat to keep want from the door. It was impossible to lay by for bad times and in spite of all trouble and work an old age free of care was not to be thought of. My death would have brought bitter poverty to my wife and children."

"I decided to break-up and go to Canada, where at least I could fight out the struggle for existence on my own land. I started out with a mule team, all my earthly possessions were in the prairie-schooner with my wife and children. Then I took up a homestead of 160 acres to which I added by purchase gradually; now as a whole I count about 3,000 acres as my own. The whole property is free of debt. I do not owe a cent to anyone. I bought my land for \$2-\$10 per acre, now I would not give it up for \$50."

"Do you mean to say that you add for the whole land in the five years?" I interrupted.

"In a much shorter time," replied the farmer. "The land paid for itself, some already by the first harvest, and at longest in 3 years each field had brought in its purchase price. If you doubt that land in Western Canada pays for itself within 3 years you can easily convince yourself of the truth of my assertion. Let us assume that a farmer buys a farm of 160 A. at \$15 per A. for \$2,400. Farm machines, seed, ploughs, mowing and threshing might bring up the outlay to about \$10 per acre. If the farmer sows the 160 A. for 3 years in succession with wheat and harvests 20 bus. per acre, then the product of an A. at the average price of 75¢ per bu. is exactly \$15 per acre. If you deduct the \$10 outlay, you will retain a clear return of \$5.00. For 160 A. the annual excess amounts to \$800, consequently this farm has after the third harvest brought in the purchase price of \$2,400."

"Sometimes—and not rarely—the land pays for itself by the first harvest of 35 bus. of wheat bring in more than the purchase price of \$15 per acre. As in some years I harvested more than 35 bus., you can reckon for yourself how quickly I paid for my farm."

"Would you not prefer your own farm in Iowa?" I asked.

"No," replied the farmer, "never will I go back. In general very few American settlers return to the old home. In Iowa a 160 A. farm costs \$100 per A., \$16,000; in Western Canada \$15, only \$2,400. For the same money that you require to buy a 160 A. farm in Iowa, you can buy here in Western Canada a farm of 1,000 acres. I have money enough to buy a farm in Iowa, if I wished. But there my yearly income would be a small one, whereas here I work for a great gain. There I would only be a small farmer, here I am a large landed proprietor."

In a corner of the farmyard I had during our conversation noticed a mound of earth overgrown with grasses and wild flowers. To my inquiry as to what it was, I received the reply: "That is the ruin of the wooden shack covered with sods, which I called my home when I settled here five years ago."

I gathered a wild aster from the ruin and flung it into the air. In a purplish-glistening line the wind drove the flower towards the fine, modern-equipped farmhouse. What a contrast between the lowly earthy hut of yesterday and charming palace of today! This contrast says enough of the unbounded possibilities, which this new land offers to the willing worker. How

the poor emigrant in the open prairie, through energy and activity, within 5 years worked his way up to being a well-to-do farmer and esteemed citizen! More, the farmer did not require to say. Why did he emigrate? WHY? Why I saw the answer with my own eyes.—Advertisement.

BUMPED HIS SELF-CONCEIT

Young Lady's Reason for Choosing Escort Not Exactly What He Had Imagined It to Be.

Mr. Blank (we've got to call him that because he's really a very decent fellow, and he'd kill us if we told his real name) is first tenor in a local club. He sings in a choir, too. Everybody likes him.

The other night a bunch of young people met for a social session at a certain house in the suburbs. They ate and danced and they sang. And when it was all over the prettiest young woman there—she hadn't been escorted thither by any chosen cavalier—said:

"I walk home, but it's a lonesome walk and I'm afraid. There have been holdups in this part of town. So I choose Mr. Blank to see me safe home." On the way home Mr. Blank was considerably swelled up. The prettiest girl had chosen him from a crowd of personable bachelors, and his feelings of self-satisfaction were excusable. He couldn't resist saying: "Why did you think I was the strongest and bravest man there tonight?"

"I didn't," answered the girl. "I picked you because I knew you could holler the loudest!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HAD "THE GOODS" ON GERALD

Little Sister, After the Manner of Her Sex, Was an Eager Witness Against Small Brother.

Geraldine was a meek patient, and her twin brother, as physician-in-chief was doing her, to their supreme delight, when their mother chanced to observe them. Being a Christian Scientist, she told them that they must not "play sick"—they must play pleasant games.

A few days later Geraldine ran to her mother, shocked and horrified, exclaiming: "Mother, Gerald said an awful bad word!"

The mother turned toward the boy, who had sulkily followed his sister, and who now sturdily declared:

"I didn't!"

"Yes, he did, too," protested the girl, dropping her voice to a sepulchral whisper. "He said 'Doctor.'"

Something to Be Thankful For.

In her dressing room one evening Sarah Bernhardt summoned one of her attendants, and ordered her to bring some peaches from the nearest shop. Either the maid misunderstood the order or she thought, as the saying goes, "That any old fruit would do," for she came back a few minutes later with half a dozen plump, juicy pears in a basket.

At the moment, Bernhardt was claiming to a friend about the dearth of good new plays, and anybody would have thought she was too absorbed in her lamentations to notice the maid's mistake. She took a pear from the basket slowly and, apparently, unconsciously, and the maid turned to leave the room.

In an unlucky moment the girl paused at the door and looked round. Then, with astonishing swiftness and accuracy of aim, Bernhardt raised her hand and the pear flew through space, smashing itself to a juicy pulp on the girl's face.

"Thank heaven!" was all she said; "thank heaven it wasn't an apple!"

Tea From Coffee Leaves.

Tea, as everybody knows, is made from leaves, while coffee is derived from berries or beans. Just here is where something has been overlooked, in the opinion of a scientific investigator. The leaves of the coffee plant are not only available for making a beverage, but they possess properties which make them more valuable than the coffee beans.

In appearance and fragrance the dried coffee leaves very much resemble those of the tea plant. An infusion of them being made, just as in the case of ordinary tea, an aromatic beverage is produced that is bitter to the taste, but not disagreeable so, and which contains almost as much theine as real tea, while there is a much smaller proportion of tannin.

It may yet be possible to grow tea and coffee on the same plant.

Unpleasant Encounter.

"I was told young Staylate had quite an encounter with Maude Brown's father!"

"Yes, he did. He met the old man tacking home from the club just as he was leaving and in trying to avoid one another they both fell down the terrace and broke a \$7 garden vase. And now the old man says he was assaulted by two burly ruffians, and Staylate doesn't dare to go near the house for fear he'll be recognized as both of them."

The Reason.

"Mabel is always in a pet." "That's why she isn't one."—Haltmore American.

A counseled man is never so happy as when he is given an opportunity to place his conduct on exhibition.

Mr. Winkler's Shining Syrup for Children feeding, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, soothes the pain, cures wind colic, etc. A bottle 10c.

Some of Them, Maybe.

Golf Player (exasperated at caddy's inexperience)—I wonder where all the good caddies go to? Caddy (meekly)—To heaven, sir.

A simple remedy against coughs and all throat irritations are Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops—3c at all good Druggists.

With All That Was in Him.

Mose was a hogcarrier, black as tar, bandy-legged and glad of it. He was relating to some white men on the rear of a car the results of a fight he recently had indulged in.

"Dat nigger tole me to keep mah han's offen dat pile of sewer pipe," he said, "but de boss done tole me to fetch 'em in, 'an I settily were gonter fetch 'em. So de big coon ups and takes hol' of mah arm and says, 'nig-gah, beat it,' he says."

"Did you beat it?" came sympathetically from a listener.

"Did Ah beat it? Co'se Ah didn't. Ah jes' rapped dat coon on de jaw."

"Did you hit him hard?" was another demurely question from the white men.

"Tilt 'im ha'd? Man, I jes' nacherly put everything in dat Heck Gawd A'mighty evah did gimme."

It was agreed that it was "some" blow.

ERUPTION DISFIGURED FACE

Lock Box 35, Maurice, Ia.—"In the spring of 1911 our little daughter, age five years, had a breaking out on her lip and part of her cheek that we took for ringworm. It resembled a large ringworm, only it differed in that it was covered with watery blisters that itched and burned terribly, made worse by her scratching it. Then the blisters would break through and let out a watery substance. She was very cross and fretful while she had it and had very little rest at night. When the eruption was at its worst the teacher of the school sent her home and would not allow her to attend until the disfigurement of her face was gone."

"I wrote and received a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, which we used according to directions, and they gave instant relief, so we bought some more. It gradually grew better. We kept on using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and in three or four months the child was entirely cured." (Signed) Mr. Henry Prins, Oct. 22, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 25-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Heading Him Off.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy." Now—"So does our father. Were you going to tell me something smart that your little boy had said?" "All I have to say to you, sir, is good-day!"

Many a fellow who goes hunting for a wife bags nothing but his trousers at the knees.

New Weapon.

The Irishman in France had been challenged to a duel. "Shure," he cried, "we'll fight wid stillin'ins."

"That won't do," said his second. "As the challenged party you have the right to choose the arms, but chivalry demands that you should decide upon a weapon with which Frenchmen are familiar."

"Is that so, indeed?" returned the generous Irishman. "Then we'll fight it out wid guillotine."

GO TO.

WESTERN CANADA NOW

The opportunity of securing free homesteads of 160 acres each, and the low priced lands of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, will soon have passed.

Canada offers a hearty welcome to the settler, to the man with a family looking for a home; to the farmer's son, to the renter, to all who wish to live under better conditions.

Canada's grain yield in 1911 is the talk of the world. Luxuriant Grasses give cheap fodder for large herds; cost of raising and fattening for market is a trifle.

The sum realized for Beef, Butter, Milk and Cheese will pay fifty per cent on the investment.

Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

G. A. COOK, 124 W. 4th St., Kansas City, Mo. and 5 E. 2nd St., Chicago, Ill. Canadian Government Act.

Don't Cut Out A SHOE BOIL, CAPPED ROCK OR BURSITIS

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will remove them and leave no blemish. Reduces any puff or swelling. Does not blister or remove the hair, and hence can be worked. \$1 a bottle delivered. Book 6 K free. ABSORBINE, JR., the authentic trademark for genuine. For Sale, Druggists, Old Goods, Sewing, Various Vices, Violins, etc. Price 10¢ per bottle at druggists or delivered. Write now if you wish. W. F. TOWN, P. O. F., 212 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Tutt's Pills

stimulate the torpid liver, strengthen the digestive organs, regulate the bowels. A remedy for sick headache. Unquestioned as an ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE. Elegantly sugar coated. Small boxes, 25c.

BEFORE VISITING FLORIDA WRITE FOR OUR BOOKLET "HOTEL WINDLE" Tourist and Family Hotel. Centrally located—Rates reasonable. JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.

WE WANT 10,000 RABBITS

For December. Pay above market. Drop postal for our Fur Lids, Hooks, Poultry, etc. Fischer, Call & Poultry Co., 511 East Wash. St., St. Louis, Mo.

REY OF GROWER, choice Wisconsin, non-irradiated 1912 A175125, seed: \$7.50 per bu., sack free. Ben Wilson, R. 3, Winfield, Kansas.

W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, NO. 52-1913.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS—CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral NOT NARCOTIC

Prepared by J. C. FLETCHER

Pumpkin Seed—
Aloe—
Sulphate of Iron—
Sulphate of Magnesia—
Sulphate of Soda—
Sulphate of Zinc—
Sulphate of Potash—
Sulphate of Ammonia—
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Sulphate of Strontian—
Sulphate of Barium—
Sulphate of Calcium—
Sulphate of Magnesium—
Sulphate of Potassium—
Sulphate of Sodium—
Sulphate of Ammonium—
Sulphate of Zinc—
Sulphate of Iron—
Sulphate of Copper—
Sulphate of Lead—
Sulphate of Silver—
Sulphate of Gold—
Sulphate of Platinum—
Sulphate of Iridium—
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Sulphate of Rhenium—
Sulphate of Manganese—
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Sulphate of Molybdenum—
Sulphate of Tungsten—
Sulphate of Bismuth—
Sulphate of Antimony—
Sulphate of Arsenic—
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